



Do You Want Another Drink



👁 8 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by snowelk

'Do you want another drink?... Mate... do you want another drink?'

'Yes, yes please...ok, just a small one then, thank you.'

'Frank, give him another...make it a large one.'

'Coming right up; same again for you?'

I've slipped into the pub for a quickie after work. There's this old boy in the corner of the bar sitting on my seat. I feel secretly miffed, I always sit on that green leather stool, the brass nail heads owe a good bit of their gloss to my wallet.

Now, normally, I just rock up to the Windmill to kind of...punctuate my day. I don't need to drink. I was just going to have a pint and be on my way, when George-the old boy in my seat-came out with this:

'I'm a depressive; have been for years.'

I thought, wonderful, marvellous, that's just what I need after a tough day at the coalface, a bloody psychotic wanting to talk.

'Oh dear!' I said, simulating interest and at the same time looking around for someone to pass him on to.

'Have been for years. I have this new medication now and it's giving me terrible stomach trouble... It just doesn't seem fair, not only do I have to live with the depression but now I have explosive...'

'Yeah, yeah, all right mate. I'm going home for my dinner in a minute. I agree it does seem a bit unfair doesn't it.'

I shouldn't have sympathised...I'd fired the starting gun:

'It's not unfair, it's one thing after another, it's always the same. Everything always goes wrong for me. The trouble started when I was born. I should never have been born. My parents hated me. I was bullied at school and everything always goes wrong. I'm a hypochondriac. I'm always thinking that I'm ill. Nobody has ever really liked me. My

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parents never once cuddled me. I am really only two years old under the skin. Nobody has ever loved me'

I began to panic. What is it about me that makes me a magnet for the demented? The trick is not to make eye contact but I've blown it big time.

'Easy mate, take it easy George. You are being very hard on yourself you know.'

'I was married for a while but it was a disaster and soon over, now I am on my own, I suppose I always will be...Do you want to hear a joke? I saw an old school friend in the street the other day; I walked over, slapped him on the back and said, "hello Hedges." He fell to the ground and cried... You see; he was still a boy? Do you get it? He had not grown up and moved on...He'd not moved on you see.'

'Whoops! Is that the time. I shall be late for dinner. Goodnight George.'

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